Daily Public Ledger.

THOMAS A. DAVIS, Publisher.

MAYSVILLE, : : KENTUCKY

HOUSE AMONG HOLLYHOCKS.

O house among the hollyhocks!
The mosses drape your low, brown eaves,
And sparrows flit among the leaves,
As when, a maid in dainty frocks,
I gathered wealth of daisy sheaves,
And told time by the four-o'clocks!

The stately soldiery still stands
On guard, like red-plumed grenadiers,
But my heart cries: "The years! The years!"
This furrowed brow—these empty hands!
The ranks swim in a mist of tears,
And voices call from spirit lands!

Here, in the happy long ago,
In summer noontides half-asleep,
I was a shepherdess of sheep,
The clouds above, my flocks of snow;
The south wind bade the lambkins leap,
I laughed to see them frolic so!

O sentries! Let me pass, I pray!
Down your green lines unchallenged roam;
The dear old paths—the dear old home—
The dear old haunts of yesterday!
O let me in! For I have come
Such a long—such a weary way!

Dear house among the hollyhocks!
Your threshold worn once more I press;
I come to woo forgetfulness
Of peril, shipwreck, sunken rocks!
Let me again be shepherdess,
The clouds above, my Alpine flocks!
—Emma H. Weed, in N. Y. Independent.

A STRANGE COURTSHIP.

BY ANNIE STEGER WINSTON.

It was a real relief when papa's new doctor was gruff and terrifying to say "bear," all to myself. But, perhaps, I diverted my attention too much from what he was telling me by this device, or he scared me into temporary idiocy by his grim demeanor. At any rate, I was conscious that as a nurse I had cut a poor figure.

It seemed a special pity that poor papa should have had that illness just then, when mamma and Isabel were in Baltimore. Mamma had gone there to be under the care of Dr. Baker, and she could not come home, and Isabel could not leave her. If we had only had our good old doctor it would have been better, but he was in Europe, and papa had called in this Dr. Griffin, who, people seemed to think, was something wonderful. It was said that his practice was really phenomenal for so young a man (he was verging on 40; I am sure that is not so very young for any amount of practice), and I suppose he had to economize his forces, but it made him dreadfully disagreeable.

I was sitting by papa's bed when he came in that first day. Some people made such a hero of him that I felt a little curious to see him, anxious and troubled as I was, and I smiled at him as nicely as I could as papa said: "My daughter, doctor"—though he was little less than appalling; extraordinarily tall and gaunt and awkward, with a rugged, serious face and a shock of tawny hair like a lion's mane.

I was about to go, but as he did not glance in my direction he was probably not aware of my intention. He slightly inclined his head and said: "Miss Macon will please go out." Which Miss Macon did with all due celerity.

That was but the beginning of a series of shrinkages that I underwent during this illness of papa's. I am only five feet four to begin with, but every interview with the doctor made me feel a foot or two shorter.

When I looked out of the window one day, and actually saw mamma and Isabel getting out of a carriage at the door, it was as if a ton weight had been lifted from me. The doctor was then with papa (who, however, was almost well), and I was in my own room keeping out of his way. I dashed downstairs like a mad thing, and hung my foot somehow, or caught my dress on a loose screw (I have never known which), and fell almost from the top to the bottom. The doctor rushed out of papa's room and was at the foot of the stairs almost as soon as I was. Mamma and Isabel appeared frantically from the opposite direction, papa calling from upstairs all the time to know what it all meant. I was so ashamed of having caused the commotion that I tried to get up hastily and close the incident.

"Oh, it is nothing. I just slipped," I began, struggling to my feet—and then a great, palpitating darkness settled over all. I revived to find myself, as it were, "in the clutches of a griffin." (I had long applied his name to him in a distinctly opprobrious sense.)

"What do you mean by tearing about the house in that fashion?" he demanded, stopping at the door as he was leaving.

But somehow I was not so afraid of him now, and for reply I only laughed feebly and innately from my station on the sofa. It was well that my terror of him had lessened, for that miserable sprained ankle required his attention more or less throughout that winter.

A strange thing happened soon after mamma and Isabel came home. Isabel is very pretty and very bright. We were sitting together after tea when the bell rang, and who should be ushered in but Dr. Griffin. And with his hair cut—which was not at all an improvement—though I had thought that any change would be. It was so wonderful to see him sitting there laughing and talking, "like folks," as Mammy Judy used to say, that I could not do anything but stare at him. And when Fred Carey came in I was positively provoked. But, then, I never saw Fred quite so stupid and uninteresting.

Not very long after that another very remarkable thing happened. The first wonderful thing, by the way, began to happen pretty frequently after awhile. I think I have a little knack of rhyming, and one day a magazine—a real magazine took one of my pieces. Such a thing had never happened before and has never happened since. It was a sentimental little effusion, which was not about anything nor anybody in particular, but it seemed to me to be pretty, and it sounded as if it meant a good deal.

I was standing on the porch when I opened the letter which the postman had just handed me. I remember it was a beautiful spring morning, when my cup of happiness was running over anyway, and this last drop was almost too much. I was about to fly into the house as fast as my disabled ankle would allow, when I heard the click of the gate. I waved my letter to Dr. Griffin as he came up the walk, and he smiled at my absurdly radiant face. It was almost worth while to be so grim-looking, to be so transformed by a smile, I thought to myself. I did not wait for greetings or questions.

"I have got a piece accepted by the —— magazine!" I said, eagerly.

"Ah, that's good!" he replied. "And what are you scribbling about?"

"Oh, it's just lovely!" I said. "Don't you want me to say it to you?"

"Go ahead, and don't jumble it," he replied, dropping down upon one of the seats on the porch.

I clasped my hands behind me and rattled off my piece, flushing a little as I did it from suppressed laughter at my own audacity. And then I looked at him for applause. There was a blank silence, and my eyes sank, and my cheeks grew hot with mortification.

"Humph!" he said at last, getting up from his seat. "Well, how is that ankle of yours?"

It seemed my fate always to be seen by Dr. Griffin at a disadvantage—from the time when he just saved me from murdering papa with the wrong medicine, on through various misadventures almost to the present day, and I have hated him afresh every time, as if it were all his fault. Some people always see one at her best—he appeared on the scene invariably when one was least desirous of spectators.

I started out with rather a sinking heart not long after the adventure of the poem—which incident, by the way, had rankled not a little in my mind—to hunt up a Sunday school pupil who had dropped off, after an attendance of a Sunday or two upon my class. He was said to live on a small street which I had never heard of, in a remote and not especially genteel part of the city which I had never explored, and I foresaw that I should get lost. I stopped on my way at the house of another pupil of mine, whom I knew to be ill, and whom I had been visiting for some time.

His mother received me in a cold, stuffy little parlor, and entertained me while Johnnie was being made ready for company. I listened sympathetically to a long narrative of the heartless treatment she had received from her physician, who really did seem to have neglected his poor little patient, and to have been rude and overbearing beside. I had passed him once as I went in, and had noticed how red and bloated his face was, and had thought then that he drank. He was a physician, I suppose, of no standing. I had never before heard his name.

"And then," she concluded, "I just 'phoned for Dr. Griffin. My husband said: 'Don't you be bothering Dr. Griffin; he's got more'n he can do 'tending to the rich people.' But he's got time to 'tend to poor people, too, as well I knew. And I 'phoned, and he came. Ah, he's an angel in a sickroom!"

The comparison struck me as so ludicrous that a smile rose to my face before I could check it.

"If I was Queen Victoria and Johnnie was the queen's son he couldn't be no kinder. Now, you can just walk right in and see how peart Johnnie's gettin'."

After leaving there I walked on, and on, and on, as the story books say, and it really did seem that I had embarked upon one of the vague, nightmarish quests of the Norse tales. The end of my journey seemed always just at hand, and still it lengthened, lengthened, till I could fancy that I was a lovelorn princess looking for the castle of the clouds. If Bonaparte Plunkett had lived east o' the sun and west o' the moon, or at any other of the addresses given in those veracious histories, he could not, it seemed to me, have been more tantalizingly inaccessible. He took on, at last, a half-mythical character in my mind, as I could find no trace of him.

Hens and chickens ran squawking across my path; geese hissed at me, to my unspeakable discomposure; puddles of ill-smelling water appeared on the mean sidewalks; dirty women and children swarmed about the doors, and still Bonaparte Plunkett's place of residence ever receded from me. I began to have a distinctly disreputable feeling, as if I were becoming assimilated to my squalid environments, and a faint fear arose within me, as I realized that I had not the slightest idea in the world of where I was. Yes, I was lost.

I stood still and looked blankly around me, beginning, as the last straw, to feel that my ankle was giving out. I was just making up my mind to ask the way to the nearest car line of the next person whom I should meet, when I saw a buggy coming down the street. A sudden hope took possession of me. He always came when I was in some undignified and ridiculous plight. And—yes!

"Oh, Doctor Griffin!" I called out.

He pulled up at that quavering cry and looked at me for a moment in the blankest amazement.

"And what are you doing in Rocketts, miss?" he demanded, as he helped me in.

A wild wave of exhilaration had come over me when I felt myself safe in the vehicle.

"I was only paying some calls," I said, in an off-hand way. "Aren't the claims of society burdensome? I am really tired."

"Calls!" he repeated. "And where were you calling in Rocketts?"

"I was going to the Plunketts'," I said. "But never mind—it isn't their day anyway."

I began to repent my nonsense when he took a little red notebook out of his pocket and, utterly ignoring my presence, began to look over it with knitted brows. We drove on in perfect silence for several blocks, and he manifested no intention of resuming the conversation at all, while I, on my part, was occupied in regretting that I had totally forgotten that I was "on my dignity," as my old nurse would say.

"Well, Miss Frances," he said, suddenly, without looking up, "have you forgiven me?"

"Forgiven you, for what?" I questioningly replied, but a reminiscent wave of mortification swept over me.

He gave a short laugh, still turning the leaves of his book, but did not answer.

As he sat looking down, with his brow furrowed and his rugged face showing very hard lines at its hardest in the clear daylight, I stole timid glances at him and wondered how I had the temerity to recite those miserable, sentimental verses of mine to him, of all men! I blushed hotly as I thought of my folly.

The horse had slackened his pace, but the doctor did not seem to notice it.

"Have you been writing any more poetry?" he asked, as if becoming conscious of the claims of civility.

"No," I said, stiffly.

He made no pretense of interest in my answer. Indeed, he was quite evidently not at all attending to what I said. "I didn't like that—what's its name—sonnet of yours?" he remarked, flapping the horse with the reins.

"Ah," I said, as if I had not already been crushed by the snubbing which it had received.

"Do you want to know why I did not like it?" he went on. He put his book down and looked at me with a queer smile.

"Yes," I said, but still with the haughtiness born of inward humiliation.

He took off his hat and looked carefully into the crown, frowning as if he had that moment remembered leaving there something of the highest value which seemed to be missing. And then he put it on again. He cleared his throat and jerked at the reins.

"I didn't like to think of your whimpering about some whippersnapper," he said, "when I want you myself."

When the trees and houses had settled back into their normal places, and the waterfall had ceased rushing and roaring in my ears. I looked at him and saw that he was talking on, but of what he said I had only the vaguest notion. The blankness of my face must have struck him at last, for he stopped abruptly.

"Wait, don't say anything yet," he said.

We were drawing near to my own home, but the horse went very slowly.

"If you could tell me," he began—there was something positively uncanny and awful to me in the humility of his tone—"but don't say anything unless it is 'yes.' Take time—any length of time."

Time! It seemed to me that it had been a thousand years already. It was such an old, old fact that Dr. Griffin had asked me to marry him that I felt that I had been born with the consciousness of it. I tried to remember how things were before it happened, but no, there was nothing before that.

Neither spoke as he helped me out of the buggy and solemnly walked with me up the long green yard. He paused at the porch.

"If," he said, "you could possibly say 'yes'—don't make me wait."

I ran up the steps without replying, and opened the door, stopping with my hand upon the knob and looking back at him standing upon the walk below.

"Yes!" I said, and banging the door I flew upstairs to my own room.

Then I peeped at him through the shutters, and saw that he had bowed his head on his hat for a moment, as if it were in church.

What a ridiculous couple we will be! —Ladies' Home Journal.

HUNTING WITH HAWKS.

The Persian Sportsman's Equipment When He Goes for Game.

In the early spring hunting and hawking are the chief amusements of the European residents of Teheran, Persia. One of these sporting parties I was invited to join during my sojourn. The pack and hawks were supplied by some of the higher native officials. We formed a cavalcade consisting of ten or twelve Europeans, each accompanied by a couple of mounted servants, the huntsman and falconers. The best covers for hares and foxes were to the south of the town, on a large tract of the cultivated plain, which is a good deal cut up by the open shafts of the linanats, or subterranean water courses. The huntsmen, with their hawks on their wrists, or holding the pack in leash, rode a little to the front of the line of sportsmen until a find was announced, when either the one or the other was let loose in pursuit of the quarry. The hawk swooped down on its prey, and, if successful, alighted on its head and held it till the huntsmen came up. The pack was composed of several couples of Persian greyhounds, which, by the way, have feathered ears and tails, and are much slower than the English and American ones.

All Persians are justly proud of their riding. From childhood they are accustomed to the saddle, and their belief in fatalism, no doubt, conduces to render them fearless in it. They are as bold and daring horsemen as I have ever seen, and delight in showing off their dexterity. One of their great amusements is shooting from horseback, and they show wonderful skill in thus bringing down ground game at full gallop. This is more remarkable, as they have no idea of shooting at a bird on the wing—indeed, never attempt it.—Outing.

Writing in Prison.

In prison Boethius composed his work on the "Consolations of Philosophy;" and Grotius wrote his commentary on St. Matthew, with other works; the detail of his allotment of time to different studies, during his confinement is very instructive.—Chicago Tribune.

POOR OLD UNCLE SAM.

Almost Everybody Tries to Loot His Treasury.

Big Thieves and Little Thieves by the Score Steal Money from the Government—How They Work Their Schemes.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Men who call themselves respectable, and who are sometimes called honorable, often try to loot the national treasury; and they do not seem to have any twangs of conscience.

The protection afforded the treasury by the senators and representatives in congress, and particularly the chairmen of the committees on appropriations, guarantees safety of the public funds. There are more honest men than dishonest men in congress; or else they are compelled to be good for fear of consequences. It is most likely that their moral sense, in a majority of cases, is well developed, for appropriations are carefully scanned before being passed in committee, or in the forum of debate.

President Cleveland, however, found it necessary to veto the river and harbor appropriation bill, and also the general deficiency bill. There was an immense amount of jobbery in the river and harbor bill, but nearly every member of the house of representatives had a slice of the steal, and hence the bill was passed by a two-thirds majority over the veto, and the money was thus appropriated. Fortunately large sums are left to the discretion of the secretary of war for disbursement; and the secretary is in no hurry to expend the public funds needlessly.

The general deficiency bill contained two rank steals, and everybody in Washington knew that the veto was right. The bill was killed by the veto, and could not be passed by a two-thirds vote, as the river and harbor bill had been. Four years ago a certain senator, who occupied a position of prominence and power, inserted an appropriation of $1,500,000 for the French spoliation claimants, as an amendment to the general deficiency bill. The bill carried so many important items that President Harrison did not veto it, and hence the treasury was looted to that amount. During the past session of congress the same senator championed the French spoliations claimants again, in the secret of a committee room; but did not do so on the floor of the senate. On the contrary, he intrusted the work to another senator, who proposed the amendment providing $1,000,000 for French spoliation claims, while the principal senator was absent from the senate chamber for a few minutes. That enabled the chief manager to say, if ever accused of jobbery: "Thou canst not say I did it."

The same appropriation bill opened the way for enormous appropriations under what is known as the Bowman act. If the bill had become a law, there would have been fully $100,000,000 drawn from the treasury inside of ten years, for the payment of obsolete and unworthy claims. But the president vetoed the bill, and thereby rendered his country a great service. Senators and representatives who voted for the big steals referred to would not listen to the demands of smaller and more deserving claimants.

But not only during the sessions of congress are the cormorants here. They are with us all the time, trying and scheming to get their hands into the treasury. There are schemers and plotters of every description, and not one of them seems to think that it is wrong to swindle the federal government.

Fifteen years ago appropriations were made for the purpose of constructing a tunnel a mile long, to carry water to a section of this city which was not well supplied. The tunnel was constructed under the direction of engineers of the army, and when it was completed the

A "HOLD-UP."

aggregate appropriations amounted to nearly $2,000,000. About ten years ago the tunnel was ready for use, and before turning the water into this viaduct the quartermaster general caused an inspection, and he made an honest report. Everybody was amazed to learn that the enormous sum of $2,000,000 had been actually thrown away. The tunnel was useless, and had been constructed not for the purpose of carrying water, but for the purpose of robbing the government. The hole in the ground was there, but the brick work lining was an awful botch. Common plaster instead of cement had been used. Great holes above the brick work were left unfilled; and the pressure of water would have broken down the brick lining almost immediately. The contractors cared nothing for that. All they wanted was to have the tunnel accepted by the government, so that they could draw their final moneys from the treasury, and get away from Washington as soon as possible.

The tunnel is still there. It has never been used, and it cannot be used without the expenditure of at least another million dollars. Moreover, other appropriations might be misspent in that same hole; and nobody seems to be willing to take the responsibility of recommending that the work be taken up and honestly completed.

That is only a sample of the methods employed by unscrupulous men to get money from the treasury without rendering an equivalent for it. We recently have found another little steal going on; and it is of such a petty nature that nobody would have suspected it. We are not surprised when we see men reaching for hundreds of thousands or millions; but we never expect men to undertake little jobs for a few thousand dollars. In other words, little thieves do not abound among men who have attained positions and secured recognition before the executive departments, or who have the privilege of doing business on Capitol hill. The last discovery of corruption involves only the sum of $8,000; and out of that the contractor could not have made more than $4,000, although he might have made at least $1,000 if he had done his work honestly.

Opposite this city, on the Virginia heights, there is a cavalry post called Fort Myer. It is near Arlington cemetery, and in plain view of Washington. For several years there has been consid-

ONE WAY OF FURNISHING WATER.

erable complaint concerning the meager supply of water at Fort Myer, and various plans have been considered for supplying a sufficient amount of water for the comfort, convenience and health of the soldiers stationed there. The prevailing impression was that a viaduct must be built to connect the fort with the water supply of this city. In accordance with this plan, an appropriation of $100,000 was made, and the secretary of war caused the subject to be investigated by his engineer officers, who reported that a well ought to be sunk on the premises which would supply sufficient water, and which would cost not much less than the viaduct. It was reported that a flow of 50,000 gallons per day would be ample, and surely that amount could be procured by an artesian well. At any rate the effort should be made.

Just at that juncture ex-Congressman Levi Maish, of Pennsylvania, secured the contract for digging the well, his compensation to be $8,000, if he could produce 50,000 gallons per day. Col. Maish hired a subcontractor in Pennsylvania, brought him here and set him to work. Three wells were dug, the first two being unsatisfactory. The third well produced a flow of 60,000 gallons of pure water per day; and the government chemist declared that the water was absolutely pure. It was not a spontaneous flow, but was forced up with an eight-horse power pump. It was thoroughly tested, and sure enough 60,000 gallons per day were produced, and the well was accepted, and the $8,000 paid to the chief contrator.

The quartermaster general recently caused the well to be carefully examined, because it did not produce the amount of water required. In fact when the pump was worked and the water used, it soon gave out. Investigation disclosed the fact that a four-inch terra cotta pipe was connected with the well, and ran down the hill side into a little brook. A few hundred yards down the stream a dam had been constructed which backed up the brook water, so that it could be pumped up into the fort premises. But, as long as the water was merely pumped to show its volume, it ran back into the little stream; and thus a flow of 60,000 gallons per day could be kept up. The same water was being pumped up over and over again. There was no well at all, and there never had been a well. It was simply the dishonest practice of a subcontractor who secured his money and then disappeared.

Congress appropriated $100,000 to provide a water supply for Fort Myer. The sum of $8,000 has already been expended and no result produced, so now only $92,000 remain available for the purpose, and the soldiers at Fort Myer must still go thirsty, or else pump up water from their little brook until it becomes exhausted, and it is not very full of water during this heated season. The ex-congressman proposes to pay back the $8,000, although he will be the loser of that amount, in addition to the money which he paid the swindling subcontractor. The question is, how will he get it back into the treasury. Under existing practices, the money having been expended for the well, and the treasury books showing that fact, the money can only be restored to the treasury as a part of the conscience fund. It cannot be added to the appropriation for Fort Myer's water supply.

It is of vast importance to everyone in this country, that only honest men be sent to congress, and only honest men be placed in high positions in the national capitol. It is important to the farmer, the miner, the merchant, the manufacturer, the preacher, the wife, mother, daughter, son, and to the infant in arms, that this should be honestly and in truth a government of the people, for the people and by the people.

SMITH D. FRY.

Height of Fame.

"Was he a famous man?"

"Famous! Why, my dear sir, they're even talking of naming a new bicycle after h'm."—Chicago Post.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a tent show, with "seven bloodhounds, a trick donkey and several other star actors," drew an audience of 1,500 people in a small Missouri town the other day.

—The dowager empress of Russia's magnificent Danish bloodhounds created considerable interest during her visit to Nice. They had round their thick bull necks broad silver curb chains.

—The most accepted ancient theory of language declared that words were imitations of natural sounds, and the fact that every language contains such words is regarded as a strong confirmation of the theory.

—The large rate of increase in the incorporations of social clubs with the secretary of state of New York since the advent of the Raines law is causing much comment among state officials. The number of such clubs incorporated from May 1 to July 13 was 834, as compared with 134 during the same period last year.

—The street superintendent of Niagara Falls, N. Y., has been suspended by the mayor because he would not clean the streets of the city on Sunday, as ordered by the common council. The affair has created much excitement and the Sunday and anti-Sunday people are preparing for a vigorous fight.

—A captive balloon at Montpellier, France, provided the town with excitement one evening recently. While five persons, two of them women, were in the car, the rope became wound around a factory chimney, which it brought down. The balloon fell with it, but no sooner had the passengers been taken out than it rose again about 150 feet and blew up with a loud report.

NO NEWSBOYS IN BERLIN.

Papers Are Delivered by Women in the Capital of Germany.

Newsboys are unknown in Berlin. Who could fancy a Londoner or a New Yorker on the omnibus or the elevated without his newspaper? In the German capital it is different. Every day at a stated hour the newspaper is brought to one's door (be it that of rich man or poor) by a newspaper woman, and read leisurely at the morning "freuhstueck" or evening meal. This so-called "abonnement" plan is far wider practiced in Berlin than the habit of buying at the newsdealers' stands. The latter are, nevertheless, well known here, and are in themselves a peculiarity of the German capital. Small stands are erected, generally on the corner of some prominent street, such as Unter den Linden, the Friedrich and Potsdamer, well stocked with newspapers, magazines and often drinks of all kinds, and presided over by men and women. Each newsdealer has, besides the chance buyer, his or her own private patronage, and it would be considered a grave offense for one of these "stiddys" to buy his paper at any other stand.

There are many odd types among the newsdealers. In many instances their individuality is striking enough to give them celebrity. "Bulow Marie," for instance, is known the world over. She was loved by the great musician, Von Bulow, and was familiar with all the masters of Berlin.

All who have visited Berlin must remember the little wooden booth at the Potsdamer gate, where, be it summer, when the chestnut trees on the near-by flowing canal are in full bloom, or in winter, when the bleak winds are blowing, over which a stout, motherly looking woman, with bright red cheeks and cheery blue eyes, is nearly always presiding. "Bulow Marie" loves music. Bulow made her conspicuous by his flattering attentions. He often stopped to chat with her at the Thor.

At the end of one of his last concerts "Bulow Marie" testified her deep admiration for him by kissing him heartily on both cheeks as he was about to get into his carriage.

The composer Moszkowski is another of her friends, along with many of the Berlin opera stars. The youths and maidens of the neighboring conservatory regard her with considerable awe. Any new bit of musical gossip over some famous composer or director, the latest opera, or composition, the death of some great pianist, criticisms of Sarasate, D'Albert and Mascagni, anything, everything musical, must be discussed with "Bulow Marie." She always knows where Moszkowski is to be found, whether Joachim is at home, and how Frau Sucher is singing.

There is a locally celebrated anarchist at another paper booth, and at another a genuine baron of most aristocratic connections, points his mustache and twirls his cane while dealing out newspapers to passing purchasers.—Berlin Cor. N. Y. Press.

Maine Mast Teams of Long Ago.

"One of the sights that enlivened the spirits of the Readfield small boy of 40 years ago," says a former Readfield boy, "was the passage through that village of the mast teams on their way from Chesterfield or Farmington or more distant points to the tide water at Hallowell or Gardiner. Many of these sticks were worth going a distance to see, even in those days when forest giants were plentiful. The cutting these in the back country and taking them to the seashore made an important branch of business, and we used to see many of them pass, each drawn by a long string of cattle managed by a number of drivers who were so expert at shouting to make the oxen stand up solid to the bow, that they could rouse half the township with their voices. Some of these big masts were worth hundreds of dollars when they were got to the seashore. We wonder if a 'mast team' has been seen anywhere in Maine in the last quarter of a century?"—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

The Lesser Evil.

Miss Pruyn—You like to go to Sunday school, don't you, Tommie?

Tommie Tompkins—Yes-sum, kinder; 'tany rate, it's better'n to stay at home'a hear pa snore.—Brooklyn Life.